

other, experience any peculiar thrill at meeting? The question has been put so many times and never satisfactorily answered."

Warr went down at once before her, and Elizabeth accepted him willingly, for in addition to her genuine attraction to him, she believed him to be the heir of Lady Baintree. Within an hour of her acceptance of him she tells him, "I am very, very sorry—and I know you will think ill of me for what I am going to say. But I can never be the wife of a poor man. I mean to marry money."

In her going "he caught a glimpse of a crimson feather, a knot of dead-leaf hair, the swing of a well-cut skirt about the limbs of an Atalanta—Atalanta who would never pause in the race to pick up the apples of a poor wooer, a Milanion with a beggarly income of seven hundred a year."

So Elizabeth forswears her love, and marries Lord Rotherholme, who has the manners and uses the language of a stable boy.

Dolly Garraway, another of the numerous house party that gathers under Lady Baintree's roof, is secretly married to Captain Soper. Her mother and the match-making Lady Baintree are intriguing for an alliance between her and the callow Lord Clashburnie.

The secret meetings between her and her husband are connived at by the German maid, Braun, who in her turn is the wife of Elizabeth's husband, and supposed long since to have been dead.

These incidents in a country house, combined with the child Midge amusing herself with making apple-pie beds for the men of the party, make one ask again whether this book is to be taken seriously or regarded in the light of a burlesque. We prefer to think the latter, and that Richard Dehan will return to her more serious and worthy work. Dozens of writers could produce "Gilded Vanity," and but one in a generation "The Dop Doctor."

H. H.

A HAPPY EVENT.

The friendly relations between the Editor of this journal and her readers have been so intimate for close on a quarter of a century, that she makes no excuse for telling them the good news that she has attained the happy state of grandmother. On Saturday, August 26th, a son (of course, the finest in the world) was born to Captain and Mrs. Christian Bedford Fenwick, and so far all goes well. The Editor thanks many nurse friends for congratulations already received.

COMING EVENTS.

September 21st.—Meeting Executive Committee Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses, 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 4.30 p.m.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Circumstances are the rulers of the weak; they are but the instruments of the wise.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in any way hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

DO NURSES STAND TOO MUCH?

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I think the "Chairman of a Large Provincial Hospital" is quite right, *re* the question, "Do Nurses Stand too Much?" No committee, in cold blood, would sit down and draft a rule, to be printed in black-and-white, that their nurses are not to sit down the whole day long. But it does not follow that it is not well understood that they are not expected to sit down. I can quite endorse what Mrs. Dixon says, and I do not think it is so much the Matron's rule as the Sister's.

When I was a pro. we were not only expected to be standing but to be actively employed about something until the Matron had been round. "If the Matron does not think you are busy, she will be taking a probationer away," she frankly said, and busy we had to be somehow. And if ever one of us did sit down for a minute, she found us a job, not only in the ward, but to go down to the Dispensary to take—or fetch—a bottle that was not wanted. We were all so tired in that ward that we mostly spent our long days in bed. Certainly it was not on our rules that we were not to sit down, but it was on them that we were to carry out the directions of the Ward Sister implicitly, so it amounted to the same thing.

Yours faithfully,

STAFF NURSE.

DEAR MADAM,—Does it ever occur to the visiting staffs of hospitals to wonder why it is that Sisters and Nurses are in position—just so—when they arrive in the wards for their rounds. In one hospital in which I was probationer, the "round" being due at two o'clock, I was posted on the window ledge to give notice of the first appearance of the great man. When I notified him in sight, I scrambled down to hold the door open for him. Sister took up her position just inside, to receive him, and the rest of the nursing staff grouped themselves according to directions previously given. They might have been sitting down previously—probably not, as the ward was too busy—but we were all standing when he entered the ward. It was a well organized ward, and we were part of the *mise-en-scène*.

Yours truly,

ELEANOR ROBINSON.

DEAR MADAM,—Lord Knutsford says it is untrue to say that nurses are not allowed to sit down. The employers of shop assistants probably said the same, but it required an Act of

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